

Don *SANCHO*:

O R, T H E

STUDENTS WHIM,

A Ballad O P E R A of Two A C T S,

W I T H

Minerva's Triumph,

A

M A S Q U E.

By *ELIZ. BOYD*.

*To every erring Weakness a prompt Slave
All know to damn, but oh, how few to save;
To those ———
Th' impartial few our Cause we trust,
Th' unbiass'd Advocate is ever just.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Author, MDCCLXXIX.



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Printed by *G. Parker*, at the *Star* in *Salisbury-Court*, and sold by *C. Corbet* at *Addison's Head* over-against *St. Dunstan's Church Fleet-Street*, and the Boofellers of *London* and *Westminster*,
1739.





To the Right Honourable

Lord NORTH and GUILFORD,

My Lord,

 **H E** Learned **D O N**
T **SANCHO** throws him-
self humbly at your
Lordship's Feet, where you'll
be pleas'd to observe the sacred
Manes of the inimitable *Shake-*
spear and *Dryden*, again revi-
siting our lower Sphere, charm'd
from their blisful Ease by Ma-
gick Force, to solve the Scruples
of our bright Collegians, whose
humourous Curiosity will, its
Authorefs flatters herself, pos-
sibly give Birth to Entertain-
ments

DEDICATION.

ments more polite, on so copious
a Subject; and although at pre-
sent reduc'd by an unskilful
Hand to a meer rude ill-modell'd
Farce, will, doubtless, find
some few Friends among the
Great and Worthy, to merit
whose Smile, and in particular
that of the judicious Lord
North's, is the highest Am-
bition of the well-meaning Au-
thorefs,

I am,

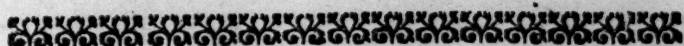
My Lord,

Your Lordship's

most obedient,

humble Servant,

ELIZ. BOYD.



P R O L O G U E

By the AUTHOR

Address'd to ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

BY Illness barr'd, a Theatre's Applause.
 We to the Closet fly to aid our Cause;
 Where Toils of Love or State the Great unbend,
 Lost to the babling Croud, the social Friend;
 Where by the letter'd Youth the Man of Taste
 We hope to see, the Bard of Merit grac'd;
Shakespear this once solicits to be heard,
Dryden by *Sancho* begs you won't be scar'd,
 Or, at an Apparition, change a Beard.
 Tho' small our Hopes, and smaller still our Merits
 We've many Precedents of lucky Spirits.

But where, oh where shall we a Critick gain!
 A Friend sincere of the all-hallow'd Strain,
 Who frankly will his Sentiments declare,
 Or make an untaught Female Toy his Care,
 Great Faults revise, and little Errors spare.

Of thee, great *Pope*, the Nation's darling Theme
 We beg Perusal of this *Medley-Whim*;
 Thee, Judge sublime, its Advocate we chuse,
 For who can so correct or so excuse;
 Thee *Homer*, where all humane Virtues dwell,
 To our brave Patron soft each Failure tell,
 Breath, oh *Mecenas*, 'twas intended well.

Tho' Chaos-born, the Mimick was design'd
 As Fortune hum'rous, and as Fancy kind;
 Where mingling sportive Ideas claim a Place,
 And every jarring Atom apes a Grace;
 Not *Shakespear's* Friend or Foe the *Drama* form'd
 As a *New Whim*, it aim'd to be perform'd;

No

PROLOGUE.

No Party Spleen compos'd the Windmill Farce,
A meer Amusement, see the Comick Verse;
Alike unprejudic'd by Fear or Favour,
The Trifle trusted to its good Behaviour
To gain, if it might be, a wav'ring Town
That likes one Day, what it the next puts down,
How oft the Meritorious meet her Frown. }

So sooth with Syren Tale the noble Youth,
See how his Ear hangs on the well-sung Truth;
How affable the God-like NORTH appears,
How frank his Country, and his Prince indears;
Like Heaven, when emulous to save his Smile,
Speaks all that's Great and Good, Pride of our Isle,
So modest Truth offends, cease this Address,
The Muse he cries, and her vow'd Vot'ry bleß;
The grateful Muse enraptur'd chaunts his Praise,
Tho' undeserving crown'd with lasting Bay s
So the low Shrub, altho' despis'd and mean,
Cheer'd by the Sun, is ever gay and green.





EPILOGUE

By the AUTHOR

*Design'd to be spoke by Joe Curious, who
going off the Stage, starts suddenly back.*

HA, where's my Paper-Skull, I'd clean forgot;
To speak the Epilogue must be my Lot.
Ladies be warn'd, never encourage Sprites,
They'll haunt your Wits of Days, your Dreams

(of Nights;

As for the Beaux, those very pretty Creatures,
Were they Ghost-hagg'd, zud, how 'twould spoil
(their Features;

Look how I stare, you see they almost craz'd me,
I would have slept, but some arch Devil rais'd me.
The Authorefs too, the very worst of Spirits,
Cries Sawce, don't hum and ha, but praise my
(Merits;

But she may do't herself for honest Joe,
Lying's so base, I'll drop the Job and go.
Oddfugs she's here! gad I must bid you clap,
Or I shall get a most confounded Rap,

(here Joe runs to the Door and screams out.

Oh Mercy! oh my Ears you heard the Slap!
Take a Noise somewhere, good Somebody clap;
For though it's a meer *Whim*, and Nothing in't,
I will be curious when it's first in Print:
It was *Eve's* Apple, e'er it had been tasted,
But once grown common, all its Virtue wasted,





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Lovewit,
Jack Taste,
Jon Curious, } *Oxford Students.*

Don Sancho { *A reduc'd Nobleman highly
esteem'd by the University for
his great Learning and Piety,
supported by a voluntary Con-
tribution of the Collegians.*

Don Sancho's good and bad Genius.
Shakeſpear and Dryden's Ghosts.
Ætherial Spirits, Lilliputians.

ACTORS in the MASQUE.

Minerva,
Apollo,
Mercury,

Priests and Priestesses of Minerva.
Attending Gods and Goddesses, Lilliputians.

SCENE *Oxford.*

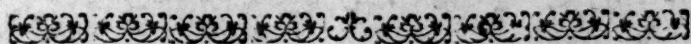
The University Garden, and Minerva's Temple.



Don *SANCHO*:

OR, THE

STUDENTS WHIM.



A C T I. A Night SCENE.

The University Garden.

*Enter Lord Lovewit singing, follow'd by
Jack Taste, with Books.*

A I R I.

Lovewit. F O R Liberty the Soldier fights,
For Liberty the Poet writes;
But he that's in Search of true Knowledge,
Must humlike a Drone,
Few pity his Moan,

Chorus. Confin'd to the Walls of a College,
Confin'd to the Walls of a College.

Love. We've made a lucky Scape this
Bout, but the Books *Jack*, hug them close,
closer yet, your Gown's largest, or they'd
never troubled you; how I dread being pur-

B

su'd

2 *Don SANCHO: Or,*

fu'd after for this unseasonable Elopement, and drove back unsatisfied; you know what a stern Son of a Dog our Tutor is, how did'tt deceive him Subtilty?

Taste. Oh bravely, my Lord, I sent him a sham Message to meet an old Usurer about his Sons Education at College-Arms.

Love. Ha, Widow Welathy's, well done my Boy, the old Usurer and his Son may e'en go to Hell, for our sanctified *Domine*, so long as he plays at Back-Gammon there.

Taste. It's a pleasant Scene to see how zealously he worships the Widow's Patrimony, but where's that Loiterer *Joe*? The Folio he's to secure us, contains *Lucifer's* choicest Secrets, and I'm impatient to see th' venerable Shades.

Love. *Shakespear*, methinks, must cut a very odd Figure after upwards of a hundred and thirty Years Repose; *Dryden's* Aspect will doubtless be more moderniz'd; damn this Idle Cur *Joe*, where is he?

Here Enter to them, Joe Curious, lugging in a large Book in a Bag as tired, speaks over-bearing Taste's last Words.

Joe. At Hand, quoth *Sauny*, and kick'd Squire's Elbow. *Joe's* as impatient as yourselves Gentlemen, to get acquainted with these Devil's of Wit, but I've had an intolerable Job yonder, to accomplish my Booty, and a damn'd heavy Luggage it is; I

was

The Students Whim. 3

was in Hopes Lord *Lovewit* would have been so good as to've met me and eas'd me, if *Jack Taste* had been too lazy.

Here Joe throws down the Book and sits on't. Lovewit and Taste laughing aloud.

Love. Ha, ha, ha, ah poor *Joe Curious*, how fatigued he looks.

So *Cæsar* in a stormy Night
Lay snug, and quite forgot to fight.

But your Troubles B y, your Troubles.

Joe. Ah, my Lord, they were cruel Bugabo's, perfect Giants, I had no sooner made the under Library-keeper drunk to my Wish, and secured him and the Keys (for I lock'd him in the Inner Lobby safe as a floring Pig) but in comes his Master and our head Proctor to search the Library for some Moth-eaten Fragment of a super-annuated Chronicle relating to King *John*; I wish'd King *John* at King *Belzebub's*.

Taste. But how?

Joe. Patience, good Squire *Taste* Why, as Luck would have it, Lord *Bountiful, Shakespear's* head Benefactor, and your good Father, my dear Lord *Lovewit*, sent a Lacquey just in the Interim, to desire their Company at the University Tavern.

Love. Ha, my Father in Town, we shall be caught a non in our Mid-night Roguery; 'twas a lucky Messenger *Joe*.

B 2

Joe.

4 *Don SANCHO* : Or,

Joe. They lost not a Moment you may judge to obey the kind Summons, and your humble Servant as little to improve the Opportunity, I being conceal'd the while by Lord *Careless's* Good-nature (whole Tutor chanc'd to be absent in his Study) but oh, how welcome was the kind Reprieve!

[*Joe sings.*

A I R II.

The General in a ling'ring Siege,
Where various Deaths affright,
At the last fatal Plunge reliev'd,
Feels such extreme Delight.

II.

Ravish'd with Conquest's glorious Charms,
His Sorrows are no more,
Victorious Laurels fill his Arms,
And waft him to the Shore.

Joe. But this same *Shakespeare*, my Lord, what was he?

Love. Why a Scribler, you Dog, a Writer for the Stage, a Rarity you Rogue, a Rarity, the Wonder of the Age he liv'd in; hast been at School thus long Novice, to know nothing?

Joe. Your Pardon, Sirs, your Pardon; we poor Boys on the Charity-List you know are but meer Ignoramusses, but here's Somebody they call *Dryden*, a Poet of later Date, it seems, to be immortaliz'd with him.

Taste. Aye, poor *Jack Dryden*, after being starv'd to Death and buried by the Parish, is grown a famous Fellow, brave Encouragement

The Students Whim. 5

ment for modern Poets, e'en take up the Trade *Joe*.

Joe. Nay, I'm quite as rich, and almost as naked as the best of them; but pray Squire *Taste*, who's this reduc'd Baron, this *Don Sancho*, who's to be our Post-guide to these Infernals?

Taste. Not so fast Schoolmate, *Sancho's* a Nobleman of real Merit, and only wears that Name for a Disguise since Fortune's Frown reduc'd him to our Pension, you've doubtless heard of generous Baron *Worthy*.

Joe. Ha, *Worthy*, the reduc'd Baron, ruin'd by Party Spleen and boundless Bounty, I've heard much of his Piety and Learning, and daily have observ'd the Esteem it gains him.

Love. Oh, he's a Man to lov'd and so deserving, to hear him talk's to hear an Angel preach; when first we begg'd him to alarm the Sprites, how awful, yet how mild was his Refusal. he told us it was impious and profane to wake the sleeping Dead, and urge Heaven's Rage.

Taste. Yet over-power'd by hungry pressing Want (how sad it is when Poverty cramps Merit) the tempting Gold prevail'd, and he at last unwilling gave Assent, and trembling bid us bring the fatal Books.

Joe. *Joe's* truly glad on't, for though we can't say much in its Defence, all Flesh is curious, and would gladly know how after Beings

6 Don SANCHO: Or,

Beings relish modern Worlds, how wears the Night, my Lord, we meet at Twelve.

Love. My Watch (*looking on his Watch*) wants just ten Minutes of the Time, and see, the Moon's eclips'd as though she fear'd us, where are the Lanthorns *Joe*?

Joe. At hand, my Lord, all Things are ready for the solemn Moment.

Taste. Methought I saw *Don Sancho* pass but now from the far Side of yonder thick gloom'd Grove.

Love. Let's lodge our little Library strait and follow. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

A Grove. Night Scene continued.

Don Sancho discover'd alone in a Night-gown, after some Time he comes forward slowly, and speaks.

San. Now faded Shades, revisit loanly Launs,

And to the longing Ear of curious Men
Unbosom lock'd up Truths, and Mysteries choice,

Impatient we, amid the Throng attend,
How far the Ideals of the Bless'd agree

With our Fore-knowledge of a future State- Ha, (*starts,*

---What are we doing? Where does Interest drive?

Will fathoming dead *Shakespeare* make us just,

Or *Dryden's* Thought unfolded add to Bliss?

Can a sinful Fiend be lawful? Horrid Thought!--Away
It shannot be---What War with Heaven.---

Sancho

The Students Whim. 7

Sancho repeats the two last Lines in a visible Disorder, and pausing, stands fix'd in a melancholly Posture, when sudaenly a Voice in the Air sings the following Stanza to a soft Symphony, which rouses Sancho from his Muse, who seems surpriz'd and attentive.

A I R III.

Tim'rous Mortal fear no Ill,
Wisdom's Thirst is Heaven's Will;
So the Learned's Scruple's eas'd,
So the curious Student pleas'd;
Nought's unlawful that is just,
Charm the Shades, and be at Rest.
Tim'rous Mortal, &c. *(Musick ceases.)*

San. What Voice was that? It seem'd our better Genii,
T'was friendly Counsel, say we follow it,
What we esteem a Fault is only fash;
The solemn Hour draws on our Vow is past,
If Curiosity's a Sin unpardon'd,
Or, to enlarge, our Faculties a Crime,
Forgive us high Supreme, then are we guilty,
So Saints have err'd, and heaven-born Seraphs sing.
[Exit Sancho, Scene continued.]

Here Sancho's Evil Genii rises to harsh Musick, his Good Genii meets it half-way descended to a softer Sound, the two Genii's sing the following Dialogue to a mix'd Symphony.

A I R IV.

Evil Genii. He's gone to consummate the Deed,
Say, oh say, shall Sancho bleed.

Good

8 *Don* SANCHO: Or,

Good Genii. Pity 'twere his Blood to spill,
The sage Mortal meant no Ill.

Evil Genii. For Example he shoud smart,
Durst encourage the Black Art;
Or our Youth will all be tainted,
And the very Devil Sainted.

Good Genii. We this once plead his Excuse,
Punish for the next Abuse.

*Here the Good Genii flies up, and the Evil
Genii sinks, Scene shuts.*

End of the First A C T.





ACT II.

SCENE, A dark close Arbor.

Don Sancho discover'd kneeling by a Bank of Turf, a Book in his Hand which he seems earnestly perusing; behind Sancho, Joe's discover'd as attending him, with a lighted Torch in his Hand; Lovewit and Taste at a little Distance with Dark Lanthorns in their Hands; several Books open before Sancho, who ever and anon wipes his Face with a Handkerchief he holds, as tho' he sweat with inward Agony.

Taste. If the Devil loves Darknefs, I think we've fitted him Georgy, when Joe's Torch goes out, as I presume it will at his cloven-footed Majesty's Appearance, let's e'en smother our Lanthorns and see, as subtle as *Lucifer* is, if we can't deceive him for once.

Love. Soft, *Jack*, observe how the good *Sancho* toils, what agonizing Sweats bedew his Brow.

[Here Sancho rises and comes forward.]

San. See, noble Sirs, what *Sancho* bears to serve you, we could have wish'd your

C

Wills

10 *Don SANCHO: Or,*

Wills had been more pious; this Curiosity's an idle Sin, Snare of the Wife, and Ruin of the Good; the empty Phantoms that bewilder Sense shout at the Fraud, and check our vain Presumings.

[*to Lovewit apart.*

Taste. Sure he won't disappoint us at last, speak to him *Georgie*

Love. Soft. Nay, good Father, don't be so godly as to repent just in the Nick, and send us away empty.

Joe. Well done, Lord *Georgy*.

[*claps Lovewit.*

San. Never doubt old *Sancho* Lads, our Vow is past, and now we have begun we must proceed; be stout, my Boys, nor tremble at a Shadow.

Joe. I defy a thousand such Shadows to daunt valiant *Joe*; methinks I could eat, drink, and sleep with a Ghost in the Room, and be as unconcern'd as now.

San. Art sure of that? I've seen as valiant a falter.

Taste. Now will I be branded for an ar-rant Coxcomb, if that Puppy e'ent as white as an Embrio-snowball at the Ghost's first Echo.

San. Be silent all, whilst we prepare the Circle; fall back there, behind *Sancho*, Gentlemen.

Here the Students get behind Sancho, who makes a Circle, which he walks round

The Students Whim. 11

round several Times, repeating the two first Lines of the Charm, following, tying a Girdle the while in several Knots.

The C H A R M.

San. Three times three, we pace this Spot,
Three times three, we weave this Knot,
Thrice with Magick Girdle bound,
Hallow this unholy Ground;
Thrice we hail dark *Pluto's* Shrine,
Thrice invoke the All-divine;
Guarded by whose sacred Aid,
May no horrid Forms invade;
May the long-hears'd *Shakespear* rise,
Bright as orb'd in upper Skies;
Dryden's Manes we thrice invoke,
By this Wand's mysterious Stroke;
Glorious as their darling Saint,
Vestal Votaries depaint;
With the Laurel'd Fillet bound,
With ten thousand Graces crown'd.

Soft, Lo, they come —————

*Here the Earth trembles, and the Ghosts of
Shakespear and Dryden rise as in
Glory to a soft-sweet Symphony. At
the Ghost's Appearance Joe lets fall
his Torch which instantly extinguishes,
and drops down as dead in a Swoon,
Lovewit and Tasse throw away their*

12 *Don SANCHO: Or,*

Lanterns, and stand behind Sancho trembling. gazing stedfastly on the Ghosts whom a bright Cloud seems to encircle, the Ghosts look fix'd on Sancho, who bowing low, speaks.

San. Pardon us, reverend Shades, and ease our Doubts
Urg'd by some ruling *Genii's* strong Impulse
Outweary'd by yon eager curious Youth,
Arduous to solve close Fate, we thus have err'd.

1st Ghost. Whoe'er thou art unkind to our Repose,
Who charm'st the Happy from their blest'd Abode,
To satiate a fond never sated Itch past humane Depth,
Give Breath to thy Demand, we wait no Prologue.

San. Then to our Purpose thus, concise as Thought,
Say wonnot Urns uprear'd wide spreading Fame
Elate the Soul enlarg'd, maugre Heaven's Bliss,
And to the bright beam'd Seraph give new Joy,

*The following Speech sung to an Air of
Ridicule.*

AIR V.

2d Ghost. Foolish Mortal why thus blind,
Was our Angel-state design'd
Vain and light as humane-kind.
Toys and Trifles to pursue,
Pleas'd with nought like one of you ;
To behold a pageant Rise,
For the Wretch who starving dies ;
What provokes a Seraph's Spleen,
But to view so sad a Scene ;
Who long Ages quiet sleep,
World's thus frail enforce to weep.

The Students Whim 13

San. Be't so? Yet with Submission, sacred Sprites,
Our God like Acts eterniz'd, fire new Worlds;
Example only influences Merit,
To covet Honour's a heroick Frailty,
And it's a Nation's Glory to reward.

*[Here Joe wakes, and starts up trembling.
Taste. He tongues it well Georgy.*

*[apart to Lovewit, the Students seemingly
recover'd from their first Surprise.*

Love. Soft, soft, the Ghost. *[to Taste.*

A I R VI.

Sung to a more serious Air.

1st Ghost. Erring Sage such pompous Pride,
After Brings but deride;
To the Shade inorb'd in Bliss,
All's not worth a passing Wish;
Spread our Fame from Shore to Shore,
Far as *Lybian* Lyons roar;
All's old Folly practis'd o'er,
Nimrod's Babel was no more.
Would you merit lasting Bays,
Goodness practise more than Praise;
The happy Bard no more disturb,
Least thy Follies Thunder curb.

*Here a bright Cloud descends half-way,
in which little Boys like Angels are
seen to hover, who swiftly waft the
Ghosts upward, singing the follow-
ing Chorus to soft Musick, at the
Close of which the Cloud and Spirits
disappear.*

[AIR

14 *Don SANCHO: Or,*

AIR VII.

Chorus. So the Bless'd are hail'd above,
Where all's Extasy, all Love.
So the Bless'd, &c.

A back Scene instantly opens and discovers Minerva's Temple, the Altar-piece richly adorn'd with the Statues of the most celebrated ancient and modern Poets, several Priests and Priestesses attending the Altar, who are employ'd in burning Incense to each different Statue, still paying a profound Obeisance as they pass them:

Joe. Ha, a Company of Country-Strollers, we are all fallen it seems, directly from Heaven to Purgatory, a new Touch of Sancho's Art I guess, interpret Jack what is't.

Taste. Minerva's Temple Thickskull, can't read, the Poets in Effygy, yonder are the Priests humble Servants, d'ye see.

Love. Soft there, the Goddeffs, with Apollo.

Here Minerva and Apollo descend in a Triumphal Car to an Air of Exultation, the Statues are seen to nod, whilst the Priest and Priestesses kneeling, hail the Deities as in Chorus:

AIR VIII.

Chorus. Hail sage Minerva, great Apollo hail;
All hail great Queen of upper Skies.
Min. No more of this, arise Apollo, arise.
Min. To your Task, pursue the Tale,
Apol. The deserving Poet Hail.

Here

The Students Whim. 15

Here the Priests returns to the Altar, offering Incense as before Minerva and Apollo get out of the Car which instantly flies up, and joins the Priests in offering Incense to the Statues, paying them the like Adoration; several Lilliputian Gods and Goddesses enter, who present beautiful Flowers at the Altar, which all strew in their Turn at the Statues Feet, when all join in the following Dialogue, soft Musick playing the while.

A I R IX.

- 1st Priest. Pallas thus deals Merits Prize,
 2d Priest. Thus enbalms the Good the Wise.
 Min. Profuse on Bards of brighter Taste,
 Apol. See we holy Incense waste.
 Min. All are in their Rank respected,
 Apol. Nor is Worth for Want rejected,
 Min. The sacred Fume makes *Shakespear* nod,
 Apol. And *Dryden's* Oracle a God.
 1st Priest. *Nerves*, bright Gay, who Life beguiling,
 Calmly died, at Error smiling,
 2d Priest. *Congreve* who with creless Art,
 Charm'd the Brain and warm'd the Heart,
 3d Priest. *Addison* whom *Cato* fired,
 4th Priest. *Waller* soft by Love inspired,
 Min. *Sheffield* sung by noble *Boyle*,
 Apol. *Lansdowne*, Glory of his Soil.
 Min. Thus we blest, thus we applaud,
 Apol. The sublimer still reward.
 Chorus. Which the modest *Hind* refusing,
 Is ever sure to gain by losing,
 Which the modest, &c.

At the Close of the Chorus, Mercury enters swiftly very gay, who doing Homage to the Deities, sings the following Stanza all move forward seemingly

16 Don SANCHO: Or,

*seemingly pleas'd, Sancho's this while stretch'd
out in the Arbor as asleep, gay Musick plays,
Mercury sings.*

AIR X.

Mer. See with Pride and Pleasure see,
Glorious Queen thy Eulogy,
Hither haste *Minerva's* Car
Sounds divine, twell ambient Air.
Chorus. Hither haste, &c.

*An Air of Triumph's heard as from above, a Tri-
umphal Car descends, in which Minerva and
Apollo seat themselves, suddenly as Mercury
proceeds the Scene of two beautiful Monuments
rise, with the Names of Shakespear and
Dryden inscrib'd.*

AIR XI.

To an Air of Triumph.

Mer. See, oh see the rising Bust,
Shakespear's Tomb, the Good, the Just;
To his Country's endless Praise,
See the Bard from *Lethe* raise;
Joining worthy *Dryden's* Urn,
Social Pair see they return.

Chorus. Once again, *Britannia's* Fame,
Letter'd Gold their Worth proclaim.
Once again, &c.

Taste. A pleasant Amusement this, as good
as a modern *Malque Georgy*. I observe too,
the Gods employ *Lilliputians* in their My-
steries.

Love. See, but how careless *Don Sancho*
slumbers yonder as tho' he'd no Hand in't,
Joe. Soft, another Song *Jack*.

The Students Whim. 17

In the following Stanza, begun by Mercury
all join in a general Chorus, gay Musick

A I R XII.

Chorus. Happy Albion, grateful Isle,
Where the Muses ever Smile;
Happy in thy Hero's Arms.
Happy in thy Students Charm;
By Love Secur'd, by Honour blest,
May Unharm'd thy Princes Rest;
Thy fair Ones Sleep in downy quiet,
Undisturb'd, by Care or Riot:
Blest *Erstannia* pleasant Realm,
Peace and plenty guide thy Helm.
Blest *Britannia*, &c.

At the Close of the Chorus all mingle in
a regular Dance, which the Students
mimick, but Minerva and Apollo,
who are the while wafted gently up-
ward in their Chariot, when sud-
denly Minerva's Temple and all her
Adherents disappear, when Sancho
stretches himself out as just awake
from his suppos'd Slumber, and moves
forward leisurely, unhers'd by the
Students, who are gather'd round the
Monument Scenes which yet remain.

Love. Jack, Jack, see the Monuments
remain, lets e'en examine them. Here you
Dog (to Joe) minute the Epitaphs as we
translate, there are no Ghosts Rogue (gives
Joe a Pocket-book.

D

Joe.

18 *Don SANCHO: Or,*

Joe. But they may prove Rocks *Georgy*,
and crush us to Atoms.

Taste. Peace, Softhead, what says *Shake-*
spear, oblige *Joe*, lets see, mine's *Greek*,
and damnably blind engraved, (reads the
first Inscription.)

Six score Years, ater Death upreard I stand,
The Wonder, as the Glory of the Land.

William Shakespear.

(*Joe writes the while.*)

Joe. Very good, I've done that Squire,
now for Lord *Georgy*.

Love. Silence: mine's *Latin*, and fairly
Inscrib'd, thank *Pluto*, (reads the Second
Epitaph.)

As Shakespear's Friend, I here erect my Throne,
The grateful Burden, of Unfeeling Stone.

John Dryden.

(*as they Read, Joe Writes still,*

As Lovewit reads the last Line, the Ground
gives a Shake which startles and moves
the Students, and the Monument Scenes
instantly sink.

Love. Soh! gone in a Trice; if my Foot
had slip'd, I had stood a fair chance of seeing
Pluto's

The Students Whim. 19

Pluto's Territories without a Passport.

Joe. I told you so my Lord, by *Juno* I tremble every Joint of me; but see *Sancho*.

San. Well my Lord, how say you, are you Curiosity sated? no more raising of Ghosts, ha, how fits *Minerva's* Triumph? was the Farce agreeable.

Love. Oh wonderfully, good *Sancho*, we're all your Debtors, but for that *Malique*, w'd all been Church-Yard Deities by this Time.

Taste. For my part, I'm as spiritless as a Night-hagg'd Wench, and I dare answer for my Comrade; here *Joe*, Swoons away, do but observe how he Quakes still like a Travelling Feather: How are You my Lord?

Love. A meer Coward, faith *Jack*, Heart-Sick, upon Honour.

San. Ha, ha, ha, Sprite Cur'd, by the
University, I knew your Complexions,
allon's my Hearts, Iv'e a Flask of rare
Burgundy in my Study, ripe for the Lip,
along Boys, along.

Love. I hope Lucifer hath no claw upon't Father, if he should jilt us out of revenge, and play Art-Magick with our Grape juice, it would be a blank disappointment,

Joe. Faith like enough, I shant care to
Drink with you I can tell you but that
Gentlemen; for now I think on'r, when
Minerva's Imps caper'd but now, I could
not hold a Nerve of me Still, I long'd so
D 2 plaguily

20 *Don SANCHO: Or,*

plaguily to join the Devils, who knows
what new Vagary may charm next, at best,
Drinking's a Snare.

Taste. Well moraliz'd *Joe*, thou art an
excellent Soldier.

Joe. You are at your own Liberty Gentle-
men, they Laugh that Win.

I'll e'en lay hold of the dumb Oracles, and
take my leave genteely, at worst, I have
a Master Key, to the Library Keepers
Chamber, should my own Bar accels. [*Aside.*
the Books *Don Sancho*, where are they?

Love. Ha! well thought on, the Books
good Father.

San. They're in the Library safe, your
Chambers all slip-Lockt, and Guardians
Inoring.

Taste. Say you so *Don*, that Devil of
yours is a kind Familiar, we may chance to
find him Employment.

Love. I'm heartily glad Father, your
Lacquey was so diligent, for I was just
thinking, we must all pig together, and like
the fam'd *Don Quixote*, be heartily drub'd
on the Morrow, for our Midnight, Fool-
hardy Frolick.

But since all's Safe, and we no scourging dread,
Let's e'en, tho' Supperless, go pleas'd to Bed,
No more attempt, to Raise the sleeping just,
But leave, our Scruples, to the ever Blest;
Who best declines, what's fit for us to Know,
Or Blasts our School disputes, with one big Blow

F I N I S.



A

PROLOGUE.

By the AUTHOR,

To be spoke by Two PLAYERS.

The first Player suppos'd to enter with the
Copy of the Play.

1st Player **T**He Manuscript return'd, Ha where's
the fault,

2d Player Charges — the Season's late, and Heil
knows what;

1st Player The Whim was late, but prithee say — *Gordane*,
Pass'd it the *Green Room*, did it hit their Vein?

2d Player Oh wondrously — but Benefits you know,
The Poets Ghosts too,

1st Player Clench'd the fatal blow.

That I foresaw — was there no other Clause,

2d Player None I could Learn; 'twas voted worth Applause;

1st Player The House had enter'd it, but for that Reason,

2d Player They had; have patience till another Season.

When rich vein'd Earth rob'd of immortal stone,

Sees *Englands* pride, beneath the Artist Groan,

Then, whiles half form'd the beauteous Embrio

glows.

It would be just to say — thus *Shakespear* rose

3rd Player Be't so — were I the Authoress, I'd Print,
It may be Play'd — in faith I'll give the Hint
Or Ours by then, each juggling Pantomime.
Will filch the Tale, and Murther the Rhime,
The House perus'd, and may indulge the Crime

P R O L O G U E.

Say it's approv'd, it stands a fairer Chance
Then Covert Scenes, that dread the Days keen
Glance.

2d Player Print an unacted Opera, for what,
To damn the Copy, and expose the Plot:
Oblige some Pyrate, with a Virgin prize,
Poets, tho' rarely Rich, are sometimes Wise:

1st Player True genuine Births, are from Impostors known,
As rightful Heirs from those who storm a Throne;
Base, mingled Metals, but degrade the Mine,
Whilst purer Ore, strikes Lustre all Divine:
It shall be so, let Criticks do their worst,
The Victor's he, that runs the Circuit first;
Are Cruizers bold: His Grace) without Black Art,
May swiftly make, *Don Sancho's* Murderers smart:

2d Player Well argued Jack; thou'rt a brave Friend, in sooth,
These are School Maxims Boy—but to the proof,
Suppose it Play'd and Damn'd, how say you then,
Fortunes a Jilt, and hath deceiv'd brave Men.

1st Player I 'd say it were Prejudice, meer party
Spleen, (Exit in a Haste)
Soh, *Quixote* mad, He's Sculk'd behind the Scene
(Looking after him.

Second Player Sol.

2d Player Say shall meer ballad Farce, assume a Force. 2
To shake the Dome; and make the Actor Hoarse;
Whiles * letter'd Baskin, Laws severe Divorce 3
(Where truths Historic, see the Nero Blaze,) }
Tho' long Depress'd, his suffering Country's praise;
To Glory wak'd, the nobler stripling Fire,
And rouse the bearded Boy, to shame his Sire;

Re-enter First Player hastily

1st Player Gods! are you mad, they'l practise straight the Masque,
What properties are ready ——— to your Task;

2d Player 'S Death, I'd forget, hold, what is it to be,
Oh Mars and Venus; gad I'll in and see. (Exit

First Player alone.

1st player I've clean mislaid, young Cupids Pow and Darts
Lad es your Aid, or we shant win a Heart;
Be just, be Kind, theres Mercy in those Eyes,
Minerous Triumph, be the Fair Ones Prize;
Whose Magick Charms, controul the learned Sage, 3
(Forget the Errors of the Female Page,) }
And once again, bid *Shakespeare* bless the Stage;

PROLOGUE.

*Soul-Soothing Shade, rouz'd by a Woman's Pen,
To Check the impious Rage of lawless Men :
Whose curious, clamours, bold Enquiries ceas'd,
The happy Genii's see, are swift releas'd.*

* Letter'd Boskin; Laws severe divorce) alluding
to the late proscrib'd Tragedies of *Edward* and *Eleonora*
and *Gustavus Vasa*

(Female Page) the Title of a Novel of the Authors,
some part of which being very Erroneous; we promise to
revise carefully, with the first Opportunity.



ADVERTISEMENT.

M. Clierwood, the ingenious Prompter of *Drury-Lane* Theatre, being spoke to by a Friend of the Authors, has been so very good, as to introduce *Don Sancho*, to the Stage in the *Green Room*, where doubtless it was owing to the good will of so fine and impartial a Judge, that it was so kindly approved of, as to be acknowledged worthy of the Town's applause, the Farce being allowed (even by the Players) to be just enough to countervail the Charges of the Theatre, had the Season been earlier, and Benefits more thick, a failing that was purely owing to the Authors want of Health But I am running my Advertisement to an assigned length, which was only intended to thank the Prompter, and hereby to assure him of the heartiest good wishes of the Author,



E. Boyd.

ERRATA,

Page 2d. For *Widow Welathy's*, read *Widow Welthy's*. Page 3. for *for* read *for*, Page *ibid* for *Superannuated*, read *Superannuated*. Page 6. for *loonly*, read *lonely*. Page 9 for *Joe's*, discover'd read *Joe's*, discern'd. Page 10 for *valiant a father*, read *valiant a father*. Page 12 for *gazing*, read *gazing*. Page 14 for *we are all fallen*, read *we are fallen*. Page 15 for *Careless Art*, read *Careless Art*.